



Hi /x/. I'm a long-time lurker, never really had that much to share up until recently, but I thought it might be time to share a little 'story'.

Got a little bit of back story first, though. I live in Oklahoma, not giving away any real area details for the sake of anonymous, but it's in the Oklahoma City area. Oklahoma really isn't that much of a paranormal 'hotspot', except for a few reportedly haunted places, but most of those were 'No Trespassing Cops Will Rape You' kinda places.

Me and my friends are all kind of interested in paranormal weird shit, ghosts and the like. We would go to creepy places we'd look up, mostly on AbandonedOK. Found a place on there that looked actually spooky, St. Vincent's. Couple of people that went there got EVP's, so we were all really interested in going. It was a bitch finding this place, had to scroll through a ton of comments to find any directions whatsoever.

Anyways, we all cleared out a time to go, and planned. A lot. My friends, let's call them K, Z, G, and J, were pretty hyped and so was I. Was pretty wet outside, a couple days after some hard rain and still cloudy, so we all dressed up in dark, covering clothes yadda yadda yadda.

Also pic related, the wooden house was burnt down when we went, but the brick building was still standing. And that's where shit went down.

Pic taken from the AbandonedOK website, not mine.

Now, as you can see, it's a pretty fucking sp00py place, I read that it was a Catholic home that was built in the 30's or so to house people whose families couldn't take care of them anymore. Mentally Challenged, Mentally ill, old, etc... Anyways, closed down sometime in the 80's. Read a report that a nurse choked two patients to death before being caught and diagnosed with a mental illness. Sounded like the perfect place to go, so we got into outfit and jumped the fuck into G's van.

It was quite a ways away from where we lived, so it took about 20-30 minutes to get out there, but when we did, man that shit was fucking creepy. Talkin' 'bout chills down the spine from looking at it. That was just the appearance though, I'm a pretty strong-willed guy and don't get scared that easily. So we eventually piled out of the van, and got our 'weapons'. I had a stick, K had a brass knuckle-knife, G had fucking laser pointers (I don't fucking know why), J was G's girlfriend so she didn't really have a weapon, and Z was pretty cocky so he had his fists. Took us a little while to get in, I split off with Z, I think. Don't really remember, we took a board off one of the windows and climbed in, almost cut myself on broken glass. The others Went in the completely unboarded back door (duh) and met us in the hallway.

Anyways, so we meet up, and we start wandering through the place. Really creepy atmosphere inside, not like most people say 'something was watching me' or 'holy shit the air was thick'. It was just because we were inside an abandoned fucking building we expected to be haunted. I had a pretty bright flashlight so I took the lead, we hit the rooms first so we wouldn't piss off some homeless dude we didn't know was there. Nothing much in downstairs rooms, place looked torn the fuck apart.

Next we hit the little chapel-like area, I suspect it was a chapel because it was a nice wide-open area, and at the end there were a couple steps up to a really small stage, the altar I guess? Anyways, got bored of that room, so we walked down and went into the 'cafeteria'. I call it the cafeteria because there was a little bar there, and it looked reasonably large enough for the number of rooms in the building. Anyways, K and Z wander off,

so me, G, and J are just chilling smoking cigarettes looking around.

I found a little hallway that led outside, with 4 rooms attached. Nothing really noteworthy, but on the further right room there was a bird flapping around and making a little noise. Flew straight past my head when I walked in the room, and I reasonably almost shit my pants until I noticed it was a bird. I started walking back and was halfway through the cafeteria area when I heard K yell "Ah! Fuck!" so me, G, and J went to investigate. K was in the hallway, looked pretty spooked, there was a pallet laying on the ground next to him. Like the kind you use to move shit around on a forklift. He told us what happened, and it went a little like this: He was just walking through the hallway right outside of the cafeteria when this palette that was previously leaning on the wall in the hall.

We all split out of there after wandering upstairs a little while, smoked a couple more cigarettes. Nothing really happened. Z, turns out, got an EVP on his phone. Real muffled and couldn't tell what it was saying, but definitely not a natural sound we remember hearing.

Anyhow, later that week me, Z, and K all went back in K's car. Here's where parts start to get a little freaky. We went straight upstairs, as that's where we got the EVP. It was the room all the way down the hall, next to the exit, labeled 'Activity Room' While heading down towards the room, got a kinda creepy vibe, just a little tingling on the back of my neck sort of thing. We stood there talking to 'nothing' for a little while. We started to head back down the hall a little disappointed, I was about to the first room by the stairs when I heard a really loud "FUCK" from K and Z. Now, K had been taunting whatever was there a little bit, "You're weak blah blah blah", that kinda shit, so I turn around and they're just standing there spooked the fuck out. I walk back down, and K says "Fuck, man. Something just threw a fucking rock at me. Holy shit" He was spooked the fuck out, so we decided to stay a couple more minutes then leave.

Went back after a couple more days, curiosity was fucking killing us. Brought my GF, let's call her JA along. JA is a huge pussy and can barely watch scary movies without burying her face in my neck. Needless to say, it was quite an exciting trip. We walked straight upstairs like last time, nothing happened after about 10 minutes, so we went back down to the cafeteria area. Me, Z, and K were all smoking cigarettes. It should be of note that the stick I was carrying was a really short, straight cylinder, about 4 feet long. Just brought it for, y'know, Poke the Homeless 2k13.

Just kidding.

Anyways, back to it, the previous visit I had stabbed an indentation in a beer can that was on the floor of the cafeteria, and I had to focus to do that, so the spot was pretty well marked in my memory. This time, we all heard a can shuffling noise, obviously that beer can, so I pointed my flashlight. No shitting, the can was about 2 feet from the spot I had prodded and made an indentation in it, it was in the exact same position, just a different spot. It wasn't that huge of a thing though, so we opted to go back upstairs. Hit up the activity room, started walking back as a group this time, when all of a fucking sudden we hear a thump.

Look behind us, rock sitting straight in the middle of the hall. "K, was that rock there before", "No way man. That's a white fucking rock we would've noticed that". Needless to say, pretty startling. Another ten minutes in "Activity Hall", before we started back again. Once more, a fucking rock, but K said he felt like it was aimed at him, considering we all looked back and there was a new rock about a foot back right behind him. (Now, keep in mind, this building was in fucking shambles, might as well have been condemned, that rock didn't "OOH SP00PY ROCK APPEARED FROM NOWHERE", there were rocks and shit in all of the rooms and on the sides of the hall, just none in the middle of the hallway unless it was large piles.)

Now, K, the genuinely intelligent being he is, decided on this comment, "It's a ghost strong enough to throw rocks. Probably too weak to do anything else though." Well nice job, jackass. We

all went home, and after a few more days, G and J decided they wanted to come with us again. So we all piled in G's van, weapons in hand, and rolled out. Got there, nothing out of the ordinary. Except, I should say, we checked out the second room, top floor, on the near side, and there was a blanket and sheet kind of sprawled across the mattress in the room. When we walked in this time, the blanket was wadded up on the floor.

Easy explanation, homeless, but I don't know what kind of homeless guy just does that to blankets that he obviously uses a lot. Anyways, we go back down to the "Activity Room", and I shit you not, there is Latin fucking SCRATCHED into the wall. Not carved, not written, SCRATCHED. I could barely get that deep with my pocket knife, let alone finger nails. And what it said was fucking unsettling (to say the least). Only Latin I remember from it was "Sum non infirma" but the whole thing roughly translated to "I AM NOT WEAK. LEAVE OR SUFFER DEATH" now, it could have been some smartass homeless dude trying to protect his turf, but that seems like the LEAST LIKELY FUCKING EXPLANATION IN THE WORLD.

G set up some rocks and left them there, hoping next time we came they might be disturbed or some shit, but needless to say after a few videos and a couple pictures, we split the fuck out of there real quick. Curious thing, though: We all watched the videos Z took, and checked out his pictures, BUT... He stated that apparently at 5 A.M. he woke up to a weird noise from his phone, checked, and all three videos had been deleted throughout the night, between 1 and 2 A.M. They were replaced with just black videos, presumably from his camera, with just static in the background, they were about 2 - 6 minutes long each.

Now, Z could very well have been bullshitting, considering he has a history of it, and it seems kind of far fetched, but at the time it was creepy as fuck. We decided to go back, against warning, and shit got a little heated. It was just me, K, and Z again, and again, the first spot we hit was the "Activity Room". (I've been calling it that just because it was the room with the Latin, and it seems to be the center and source of all the rocks thrown and otherwise

spooky shit) We're walking back down the hall, after hitting the room, and we hear a tumbling. Like a plastic pipe rolling over cement. We look back, and from out of the laundry chute room presumably, because it was on ^ this side of the pile of rubble. But there was a fucking water bottle, plain and clear as day, that was definitely NOT there before. We were pretty creeped, but me being the one who doth not give a fuck, was like "Let's stay and check it out some more. Maybe we'll get some more shit" so, stumbling around more, walking back towards activity room, when behind us a huge piece of fucking plaster just thuds into the floor behind us.

I'm pretty rational about these sort of things, and considering it was plaster, I looked all around the ceiling for a place it could've dropped from. Not one spot missing plaster except a doorway about 7 feet from that spot. And that fucker THUDDDED. Hit the floor so hard it actually mushed up on the floor. Pretty spooked, but I convinced K to stay, because it seemed like all this was being directed at him. Another rock was thrown about ten minutes later, a rather large one. Less spooked this time, because it didn't seem to be aimed. I, not thinking about it, prodded it with my stick and broke it into two pieces.

We plodded around the building some more for about twenty minutes, when we decided to go back into that hallway. Walking down towards the activity room, about 5 feet away from the door, when we hear a thud and roll from behind us.

Sitting in the fucking hallway, the smaller piece of the rock I broke in half. K's nearly shitting his pants at this point, I and Z are a little on edge, so we decide to split out of there. We stay away from the place for a couple weeks, doing a little research. Turns out throwing rocks, rolling things, violence in general, doesn't happen with normal residual ghosts. And, thinking back to AbandonedOK's EVP, which said, and I quote, "He won't let us leave". Dug up some info that apparently DEMONS like to lord over ghosts to suck energy from them and make themselves feel like big bosses apparently. And another sign of a Demonic Haunting: Violence. Read this to K and I could almost see the

stains on the seat of his pants. Couldn't dig up anything about the writing on the walls, but I felt like that was really specific so it wouldn't necessarily be covered in general signs of a Demonic Haunting. And I'm too fucking lazy to read a book on the subject.

ALSO turns out, besides Ms. MurderNurse, over the years since it shut down a few unidentifiable bodies have been discovered at the site, which makes me feel really lucky to be alive, I guess?

We went back a couple more times, still got rocks thrown, but it was mostly the same old shit. K thought he heard somebody whispering gibberish in his ear while he was about 7 feet back from Z and I, once, but I blame it on him being scared shitless. Most recent time we went, building was COMPLETELY boarded up, no entrance no exit anywhere, I actually had to use my stick and break open a portion of a barrier so we could get inside. While the building was partially flooded. That was a trip, the air felt a little bit spookier than usual, and that time a piece of tile was thrown that actually cut K's elbow, but other than that nothing else has really happened there. Haven't been in a few months, thinking about going back but I live out of the city now and I'm a lazy fuck.

What do you guys think?